

Mona Lisa

murmurs  
to Woman  
with Pearl Earring:

"Are we a mystery  
in that we  
never age?

--or rage?!"

"Not truly

Female there either?" shrugs  
present she of shaking pearl, adding

"Or...moreso?"

"Exactly!" triumphs Mona,  
"So there's the Mystery!"

Sensing that by  
all of us In Iridescences that

we must see her smile gathering the more  
quietly luminous notes.

